

12ⁿ P. ---, Mr

A N

EPISTLE

FROM

A N--ble *L--d* to Mr. P--y. ^K

Dubius non Improbatus. ---- D. of B. Epth.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-
noster Row. 1740.

(Price Six-pence.)

AN

EPITOME



FROM

A Noble Lord to Mr. P.

Dublin non Improbis. --- D. of B. Ep.



LONDON:

Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Paternoster Row. 1740.

(Price Six-pence.)

(A N)
E P I S T L E
F R O M

A N--ble *L--d* to Mr. *P--y*.

I.

H A P P Y the Man who with such Ease
Can different Tastes and Tempers please,
Whatever be the Mode Sir :

Now charms the House--then steps to *Whites--*
Sets down to Wisk---cuts out---indites

A Letter or an Ode Sir.

II.

Thus every Place, and every Hour
Is Witness to his Wit and Power,
Of liveliest Invention :

Old Topics in his Hands are new,
Spithead and *Hounslow* we Review,
And start at the *Convention*.

Go

(4)

III.

Go on my Friend the War maintain,
By various Ways 'gainst *B--b* and *Spain*,

Tho' doubtful is the Former :

Flavia, or *C-----d* invoke,

Let off, on whom you please, your Joke,

Excepting always D---r.

IV.

You'll take the Hint as 'tis design'd,

Of honest and of tender Kind ;

And pardon the Digression :

For tho' your Courage none can doubt,

No Mortal *One* can hold it out,

Against a whole Profession.



But

V.

But why shou'd *I* in haſt incline,
 To take your Counſel and Reſign,
 And *Die* by your Direction:
 Or what's the ſame myſelf turn out,
 There ſtill remains an *ugly* Doubt,
 About a Reſurrection.

VI.

So when you can that Point aſſure,
 And make an After-Game ſecure,
 Diſpatch a *ſecond Letter*:
 But he deſerveth not to eat,
 Who raſhly parts with *certain* Sweet,
 Uncertain of a Better.

VII.

The mighty *Æra* may be near,
 But that perhaps is not so clear,
 Then you'll be in *Disgrace* still:
 There being but *one* Engine more,
 And that may burst as those before,
 You know I mean the *Place-Bill*.

VIII.

The *Jews*, unbelieving, b'leiving Nation,
 Are still in sanguine Expectation,
 Of coming of their King Sir;
 Why so their Fathers were before,
 For seventeen hundred Years and more,
 But yet there's no such Thing Sir.

I've

IX.

I've next in view, the Dog of old,
 Whose Story was by *Æsop* told,
 That Politician able;
 What sad Mischance the Cur befell,
 At present I'll forbear to tell,
 But profit by the Fable.

IX.

Expect not then, I now should *strike*,
 But let me *Hesitate Dislike*,
 Till Matters are more certain:
 As much does on next Choice depend,
 I'll that Event with Care attend,
 Before I draw the Curtain.

But

XII.

But if mean while shou'd Happy Fate,
 And Stars benign consent to wait,
 On *Cathcart's Expedition*:
Most will rejoice at the Success,
B---b's Friends Increase, and yours grow less—
 Then Farewel Opposition.

XII.

Thus having most maturely weigh'd,
 What may on either Side be said,
 And laid my Thoughts before ye:
 I take my Leave, and do profess,
 Myself *B---b's* Friend, and yours no less,
 Tho' neither *Whig* nor *Tory*.

F I N I S.



